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LEPROSY OF HOUSE AND GARMENTS.

(Continued from page 13.)

The leprosy of garments may have been caused by the same fungi. Precisely the same appearances manifested themselves in the one case as in the other. I am disposed to attribute the greenish streaks on the garments to the common green mould; for, as I have observed, it is ubiquitous, and grows as readily on clothes as on house walls, when left in damp, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted places. The reddish patches, however, seem to me to have been produced by the growth of the *Sporendonema*, or red mould, very common on cheese; or of the *Palmella prodigiosa*. This last-mentioned plant is occasionally found on damp walls in shady places, and on various articles of dress and food, sometimes extending itself over a considerable area. It is usually a gelatinous mass, of the color and general appearance of coagulated blood, whence it has received the famous name of *Gory-dew*. Though formerly ranked with the algæ, or sea-weed family, it is now ascertained, by more accurate physiological researches, to be a species of mould; so that, under what-

ever names we may class them, the plants which occasioned the strange appearances on houses and garments belong to the same tribe. Instances of reddish patches suddenly investing linen and woollen clothes, are by no means confined to the Levitical narrative. A whole volume might be filled with similar examples. Along with other marvellous prodigies, they abound in the mediæval chronicles; and were they not authenticated by the most trustworthy evidence, we should hesitate—from their very extraordinary character—to accept them as true. It was by no means rare to find, in the middle ages, consecrated wafers and priestly vestments sprinkled with a minute red substance like blood. Such abnormal appearances were called *signacula*, as tokens of the Saviour's living body; and pilgrimages were not unfrequently made to witness them. In several cases the Jews were suspected, on account of their abhorrence of Christianity, of having caused sacramental hosts to bleed, and were, therefore, ruthlessly tormented and put to death in

large numbers. Upwards of ten thousand were slaughtered at Rotil, near Frankfort, in 1296, for this reason. The bleeding of the host, produced in consequence of the scepticism of the officiating priest, gave rise to the miracle of Bolsena, in 1264; the priest's garment stained with this bloody-looking substance being preserved until recent times as a relic. This gave rise to the festival of the Corpus Christi founded by Urban IV. Dr. D'Aubigné gives the following extraordinary account of a similar phenomenon, which happened during the Reformation. "On the 26th of July, a widow chancing to be alone in her house, in the village of Castelenschloss, suddenly beheld a frightful spectacle—blood springing from the earth all around her; she rushes in alarm into the cottage . . . but, oh, horrible! blood is flowing everywhere, from the earth, from the wainscot, and from the stones; it falls in a stream from a basin on a shelf, and even the child's cradle overflows with it. The woman imagines that the invisible hand of an assassin has been at work, and rushes in distraction out of doors, crying 'Murder! murder!' The villagers and the monks of a neighboring convent assemble at the noise; they partly succeed in effacing the bloody stains. But, a little later in the day, the other inhabitants of the house, sitting down in terror to eat their evening meal under the projecting eaves, suddenly discover blood bubbling up in a pond, blood flowing from the loft, blood covering all the walls of the house. Blood, blood, everywhere blood! The bailiff of Schenkenberg and the pastor of Dalheim arrive, inquire into the matter, and immediately report it to the Lords of Berne and Zwingle." M. Montagne relates that a red parasite attacked all kinds of alimentary substances at the Chateau du Parquet in July, 1852. "The servants," he observes, "much astonished at what they

are accustomed to call insignificant. Such an epithet is not applicable to saw, brought us half a fowl roasted the previous evening, which was literally covered with a gelatinous layer of a very intense carmine red. A cut melon also exhibited some traces of it. Some cooked cauliflower which had been thrown away also presented the same appearance." Before the potato-blight broke out in 1846, red mould spots appeared on wet linen surfaces exposed to the air in bleaching-greens, as well as on household linen kept in damp places, in Ireland. In September, 1848, Dr. Eckard, of Berlin, while attending a cholera patient, observed the same production on a plate of potatoes which had been placed in a cupboard in the patient's house. All these instances—and hundreds more might be enumerated—though somewhat exaggerated by the dilated eye of fear, were found by microscopic investigation to be caused by the extraordinary development in abnormal circumstances of the red mould. Occurring, as most of them did, before the outbreak of epidemics, which they were supposed to herald, they obviously point to the conclusion that they were developed by unhealthy conditions of the atmosphere. In ordinary times, but few of the fungi which caused these alarming appearances are produced, and then only in obscure and isolated localities; but their seeds lie around us in immense profusion, waiting but the recurrence of similar atmospheric conditions as existed in former times, to exhibit as extraordinary a development.

"O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all!" is the thought that arises in the devout soul at the contemplation of the wonderful structure and history of these minute existences, which live and die unknown to the great majority of mankind. No one has a right to despise these objects which, by a false human standard, we

anything that God has made and adapted to His own designs. Even a mould, requiring the highest powers of the microscope for its examination, can become in His hands a mighty scourge or a transcendent benefit. The minutest organism which obeys His laws, tends to His glory ; and the study of it fills us with adoring awe, as well as enables us to improve our condition in the world. Most important are the lessons which the humblest of all plants teach us. They show us how hurtful things can be rendered harmless, and natural mischief neutralized. Their own appearance is an indication of the law of purity which pervades all creation. Pure as the snow-flake from the cloud so dark—pure as the lily from mud so vile—pure as the duck-weed on the stagnant ditch—their slender stems and graceful fruitage spring from foul-smelling and decaying rubbish. They utilize and convert into their own beautiful forms, the corrupting substances that are defiling and destroying God's fair world. They thus teach us that the only way in which we can render the waste materials of life innocuous, is to use them and make them serve us. The sewage of our towns and the refuse of our houses will prove deleterious to us, and be the constant source of disease, unless we make them subservient to the increase of the means of life, the fertilizing of our fields, and the production of our food. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost," is a command in nature as in grace, which we disobey at our own peril—for the only

condition of organic waste ceasing to be an evil is that it shall become a good. The leprosy of garments speaks to us too, like all the impurities of earth, of the defilement of sin. Our own righteousness is as filthy rags. Our own garment of good deeds and feelings is mouldy, and ingrained with the greenish and reddish streaks of uncleanness. The mildewed garment of the flesh clings to us like Dejanira's robe, and poisons all the springs of our life. Only the righteousness of Christ is the pure linen, clean and white, without speck of decay, or stain of sin. He invites us to buy of Him white raiment that we may be clothed, and that the shame of our nakedness may not appear ; to wash our robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. *Putting on the Lord Jesus Christ first in justification, and then in daily life, all our garments will smell of myrrh and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made us glad, and thus effectually hinder by their fragrance the morbid leprous growth of sin.* And if, like the saints of Sardis, we do not defile our *garments of grace*, which are so easily stained by the pollutions of a world lying in wickedness ; if we keep ourselves unspotted from the world, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh, then we shall walk in the heavenly mansions with Christ in white, in *garments of glory*, that are incapable of receiving a stain—that cannot be infected with the leprosy of sin any more—being a portion of the inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

A NEW AND SINGULAR INSTRUMENT.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* gives the following account of a new and, if the facts concerning it are truly stated, very valuable meteorological instrument, now on exhibition at the Exposition in Paris :

"In the American Department, stands an object of silver, that at first sight, it looks like an elaborate soda-water fountain, or a bundle of pontoons, or a complicated tea urn, or a dry gas meter. A person of a lively imagination could guess at it for a day without finding out

what it was. Appreciating this cheerful fact, the proprietor and inventor has recently published a prospectus, from which I gather the following particulars. The invention is called an Aëlloscope, and belongs to that numerous, respectable and increasing family of instruments by means of which the branch of science relating to storms has been studied.

The most perfect and available atmospheric equipoise known as yet to scientific men is the mercurial column, and this has been preserved in the Aëlloscope. The inventor, H. A. Clum, has for the past twenty-five years made the atmosphere a special subject of study. While at the Royal Observatory, at Greenwich, last winter, explaining the Aëlloscope to some of the officials of that institution, the delicacy and convenience of the instrument became apparent to those gentlemen. The barometer is observed there and at other first-class observatories under the power of the microscope, and then connected in the usual manner—an operation involving time, patience and labor. Aëlloscope, however, is read, by those who are in the secret, as readily as a clock or watch, even to the 1000 or 2000 part of an inch, and requires neither microscope nor invention of any kind whatever. The point which is indicated on the dial is correct, the instrument being compensatory in every part. Such an invention is necessarily an important aid in the solution of the problems of meteorology. It is a well known fact that powerful atmospheric vibrations precede and are essential in the pre-determination of all great storms. These are easily detected by means of the Aëlloscope, in which particular it claims to be alone, and to indicate those far-reaching premonitions with unerring fidelity. The following circumstances are mentioned by the Professor. Six days before the great storm of October, 1862, which passed over Washington and East Pennsylvania, prostrating and destroying every thing in its path, premonitory vibrations from 10-1000 to 80-1000 of an inch, lasting six to sixty minutes, occurred in an Aëlloscope at Rochester, New York. A barometer of great delicacy stood high at the same time. On the day the vibrations were noticed, the storm was raging on the eastern bend of the Rocky Mountains,

and the distance between the instrument and the storm was over two thousand miles. The second case was the storm of January 2 and 3, 1864, of which the Aëlloscopic indications were noticed eight days previously in two places. The destructive gale that swept over some of the Western lakes on July 9, 1865, was indicated in like manner on June 30. The disastrous storm of the first week of January 7, 1866, was also indicated by the Aëlloscope on December 30, and the strange fluctuations of the instrument were noticed by thousands who did not know how to account for them. This storm swept the Atlantic from continent to continent, and swallowed up, among many other ships, the ill-fated London, with her freight of precious souls. This storm numbered five hundred wrecks in its eastern bounds alone. If the instrument really possesses such prescient power, it is certainly worthy of the particular attention of all learned and scientific bodies. A few words on the general principles of its construction will certainly not be thrown away. The Aëlloscope is constructed on a plan mostly new in barometrical philosophy, namely, the displacement of the atmosphere, mercury being employed subordinately and entirely unseen. The principle consists, first, in a combination of air-gas chambers, with a buoy or float resting in or connected with a mercurial column, in such manner that the chambers will be acted upon by the atmosphere surrounding them.

Centrally, in the base of the instrument exhibited, is situated a cistern containing mercury, and having a cover, and from this cistern extends vertically a tube in which the mercury rises *in vacuo*. In the tube rests a buoy or float, preferably a tube, air tight, and which floats in the mercury. To the lower end of the buoy is jointed a rod, preferably made of steel, which passes down loosely through a nut at the end of a tube, and is screwed or otherwise attached to a cross-bar. This cross-bar unites at its extremities with rods extending upward through the cover of the cistern, and attached at the upper end to a simple ring which they support. The ring is provided with a number of arms which support air or gas-tight chambers, which, from their office, are denominated balloons, auxiliaries,

or clouds. They are cylindrical in form, and of considerable length, being supported at their upper ends by arms extending downward from a globe or crown-chamber, whose office is similar, being also air-tight. The tops are formed into globes, and the whole weight is supported or suspended in the air by the buoy within the mercurial tube, and consequently will, in the heavier fluctuations, rise or fall with it. Any change in the density of the outer air will be immediately felt by the delicate equipoise of these floating expedients, either raising them or lowering them. The advantage secured is that the sensitiveness of the chambers, by the displacement of 3000 cubic inches of air,

has a tendency to overcome the inertia of the mercurial column in which they are balanced, making it much more sensitive than it otherwise would be; and it is upon this fact that the value of this device depends. The employment of the air-chambers overcomes, in a great degree, the sluggishness of the mercurial column, which, under any circumstances, is more than ten thousand times heavier than the fluid it is intended to weigh.

There can be no doubt of the usefulness of such an instrument. The one exhibited here is remarkably well made, and is valued at \$10,000. For ordinary purposes they are made much cheaper."

OUR COMMERCE AND ITS WANTS.

The rumor that we are negotiating for the purchase of the Sandwich Islands leads us to the consideration of our commercial wants. These are sufficiently numerous to indicate an almost total lack of statesmanship in their management heretofore. We are, or we are not, a commercial people. Nature made us the latter; but our government blindly tries to convince nature that she is mistaken. With our broad and fertile acres, covering the whole vast heart of North America, we challenge a generous competition in production, and force ourselves into notice by our surplus yield of agricultural wealth. Upon this great product, however, we allow foreign nations to levy a tax. We give large numbers of their population active employment, and create for the leading European commercial powers the navies which trade demands; we allow our own ship timber to rot in our forests; our shipyards no longer echo to the nation's march to greatness; our sailors, driven from the protection of the Stars and Stripes, are forced to aid the progress of other nationalities, and our system of taxation, so framed as to levy several separate contributions upon materials used in naval construction, hangs over our development like a curse. Every year we pay to foreign ships a difference per ton for freight over that for which we might transport it that would more than satisfy the demands of the present

government tax on ship building. It is a sad picture to trace this decay of our greatness. Fortunately, it has a remedy. Let us apply it, however, before the vigor of our national manhood is entirely drained from us by bad legislation.

To make us great in the trade of the world, we must adopt that masterly plan which has given our mother country her greatness. Wherever our commerce floats we must have a naval picket post—a powerful *point d'appui*—to give strength and confidence to our men of enterprise who open carrying trade to our vessels. These commercial guards are invaluable—absolutely necessary to give lasting stability to a policy which is not to be swept aside as ours has been, only by the breath of civil war. What would a foreign war bring to our commerce if a civil war has shown such dire effects? Our naval vessels are nowhere at home, and have no reliable point of supply and aid unless they touch some port in the United States. Not so England. An English ship has a home at hand in any part of the world. Gibraltar stands guard at the outlet of the Mediterranean, and Malta is a central outpost. St. Helena watches American and European commerce as it sweeps round the Cape of Good Hope, while Cape Town controls the trade of half the world in case of war. When California and Australia turned their gilded sides to the world, English statesmen,

however unjustly to Buenos Ayres, seized the Falkland Islands. They dominate the Cape Horn route to the Pacific. And so we might traverse the world, showing the broad sweep of a commercial policy which has been laid with solid foundations. We, too, though second in the race with our great rival, must not neglect the lesson she teaches us. We want outposts — controlling points along the great channels of our commerce.

The unerring finger of progress points to the Pacific as the great ocean over which nine-tenths of the world's commerce is to flow. If we shape its currents it will enrich us. With a generous rivalry with other nations, we may still win in the lists. With our right hand we may grasp the treasures of India; with our left distribute them to Europe. These great advantages must, however, be protected, guarded. To guard them well we first require the Sandwich Islands; for these are the natural centre of protection to the Pacific Ocean trade and dominate it completely. Panama, the focus of national eyes at this moment, must, if not declared and guaranteed to be a great neutral point by the whole world, be controlled in our interests. We want, too, the island of Juan Fernandez, on the west coasts of South America.

Had St. Thomas, in the West Indies, been ours during our rebellion, our naval ships would have had some port for repairs and supply, which would have enabled them to avoid the annoyances which foreign Powers fastened upon us while endeavoring to protect our commerce from Confederate privateers. As an instance of the value of an island outpost, we point to Nassau, on our own coast, which was a sword in our vitals during our late war.

We do not advocate the purchase of points in any part of the world which have not a commercial strategic value. But we do counsel the obtaining of all that is necessary upon the great commercial lines which require our careful and earnest protection, if we would give them a lasting stability and a foundation that every passing breeze of war will not shake.

Let us use our own resources and cease boasting of energies which, though we possess, still we waste. Let us have a commercial policy; throw off the taxes that crush all ship building efforts; create steamship lines and make a sure conveyance for letters, commercial orders and exchanges; post along the trade lines of the world a few ocean sentinels. Let our next Congress consider all this, and grasp the problem as a nation should grasp it.

SQUADRON LIST UNITED STATES NAVY.

NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Commanded by Rear-Admiral James S. Palmer.
Address Key West, Florida.

SOUTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Commanded by Rear-Admiral S. W. Gordon.
Address, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

EUROPEAN SQUADRON.*

Commanded by Rear-Admiral Louis M. Goldsborough. Address, Lisbon, Portugal.

NORTH PACIFIC SQUADRON.

Commanded by Rear-Admiral H. K. Thatcher.
Address, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTH PACIFIC SQUADRON.†

Commanded by Rear-Admiral John A. Dahlgren.
Address, Panama, U. S. C.

ASIATIC SQUADRON.

Commanded by Rear-Admiral H. H. Bell. Address, Hong Kong, China.

NAVY-YARDS AND SHORE STATIONS.

Portsmouth, N. H., commanded by Commodore Theodorus Bailey.

Boston, Mass., commanded by Commodore John Rogers.

New York, commanded by Rear-Admiral Charles H. Bell.

Philadelphia, Pa., commanded by Commodore Thomas O. Selfridge.

Baltimore, Md., (receiving ship,) commanded by Captain Edward Donaldson.

Washington, D. C., commanded by Rear-Admiral William Radford.

Norfolk, Va., commanded by Rear-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan.

Mound City, Ill., commanded by Commodore Charles H. Poor.

Pensacola, Fla., commanded by Commodore J. Armstrong.

Mare Island, Cal., commanded by Rear-Admiral Thomas T. Craven.

* Admiral D. G. Farragut en route to take command.

† Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis en route to take command.

VESSELS OF U. S. NAVY IN COMMISSION.

JULY, 1, 1867.

Alleghany, ship, 6, receiving Ship at Baltimore, Captain E. Donaldson.

Aroostook, screw, 5, Asiatic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander L. A. Beardslee.

Ascutney, paddle-wheel, 2, special service, Washington, Acting Master D. G. McRitchie.

- Ashuelot, paddle-wheel, 10, Asiatic Squadron, Commander J. C. Febiger.
- Augusta, paddle-wheel, 9, on return to Philadelphia, Captain A. Murray.
- Brooklyn, screw, 20, flagship South Atlantic Squadron, Captain T. H. Patterson.
- Buckthorn, screw, 3, Pensacola Navy-yard, Acting Ensign John Walker.
- Canandaigua, screw, 7, European Squadron, Captain J. H. Strong.
- Colorado, screw, 44, flagship European Squadron Commodore Charles Steedman.
- Conemaugh, paddle-wheel, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander S. P. Quackenbush.
- Dacotah, screw, 7, South Pacific Squadron, Commander Wm. F. Spicer.
- Dale, sloop, 3, practice ship, Naval Academy, Lieutenant-Commander R. W. Meade, Jr.
- De Soto, paddle-wheel, 8, North Atlantic Squadron, Commodore C. S. Boggs.
- Don, screw, 8, special service at New York, Commander Ralph Chandler.
- Franklin, screw, 48, on way to Europe, Captain A. M. Pennock.
- Fredonia, Sloop, storeship at Callao, Captain T. M. Brasher.
- Frolic, paddle-wheel, 5, European Squadron, Commander D. B. Harmony.
- Glasgow, paddle-wheel, 2, North Atlantic Squadron, Acting Master William D. Maddocks.
- Guard, ship, 3, storeship European Squadron, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringe.
- Guerriere, screw, 21, on way to Brazil, Captain T. G. Corbin.
- Hartford, screw, 21, flagship Asiatic Squadron, Commander G. E. Belknap.
- Huron, screw, 6, South Atlantic Squadron, Commander H. Erben.
- Independence, frigate, 40, receiving ship at Mare Island, Captain W. A. Parker.
- Iroquois, screw, 6, Asiatic Squadron, Commander Earl English.
- Jamestown, sloop, 21, North Pacific Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander C. J. McDougal.
- Kansas, screw, 8, South Atlantic Squadron, Commander Clark H. Wells.
- Lackawanna, screw, 7, North Pacific Squadron, Captain William Reynolds.
- Lenapee, paddle-wheel, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander John Irwin.
- Macedonian, sloop, 16, practice ship, Naval Academy (on a cruise), Lieutenant-Commander T. O. Selfridge.
- Mahaska, paddle-wheel, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander Samuel Magraw.
- Marblehead, screw, 7, North Atlantic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander LeRoy Fitch
- Massachusetts, screw, 7, supply steamer, Acting Master Robert Y. Holley.
- Miantonomah, iron-clad, 4, on return to Philadelphia, Commander J. C. Beaumont.
- Michigan, paddle-wheel, 6, on the lakes, Captain Andrew Bryson.
- Minnesota, screw, 42, special service, Commander James Alden.
- Mohican, screw, 7, North Pacific Squadron, Commander E. Simpson.
- Mohongo, paddle-wheel, 10, North Pacific Squadron, Commander J. A. Greer.
- Monocacy, paddle-wheel, 10, Asiatic Squadron, Commander S. P. Carter.
- Monongahela, screw, 7, North Atlantic Squadron, Commodore S. B. Bissell.
- New Hampshire, ship-of-line, 15, receiving ship at Norfolk, Commander W. E. Fitzhugh.
- Nipsic, screw, 6, South Atlantic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander F. B. Blake.
- Nyack, screw, 6, South Pacific Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander A. Pendergast.
- Ohio, ship-of-line, 16, receiving ship at Boston, Captain E. G. Parrott.
- Oneida, screw, 7, Asiatic Squadron, Commander J. B. Creighton.
- Onward, ship, 3, Storeship Asiatic Squadron, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant-Commander Pierre Giraud.
- Osceola, paddle-wheel, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander J. P. Foster.
- Ossipee, screw, 6, North Pacific Squadron, Captain G. F. Emmons.
- Pawnee, screw, 12, South Atlantic Squadron, Captain M. B. Woolsey.
- Penobscot, screw, 5, Asiatic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander C. E. Fleming.
- Pensacola, screw, 20, North Pacific Squadron, Commander Paul Shirley.
- Peoria, paddle-wheel, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander O. C. Badger.
- Portsmouth, sloop, 20, naval apprentice ship, Commander J. S. Skerrett.
- Potomac, frigate, 24, receiving ship at Philadelphia, Captain J. De Camp.
- Powerhatan, paddle-wheel, 18, South Pacific Squadron, Captain T. P. Greene.
- Purveyor, bark, 4, special service, Acting Master J. H. Stimpson.
- Quinnebaug, screw, 10, fitting for sea at New York, Commander E. Barrett.
- Relief, ship, 3, special service, Acting Master Samuel Belden.
- Resaca, screw, 8, North Pacific Squadron, Commander J. M. Bradford.
- Sabine, frigate, 34, naval apprentice ship, Commander R. B. Lowry.
- Saco, screw, 10, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander Henry Wilson.
- Sacramento, screw, 7, special service, thence to North Pacific Squadron, Captain N. Collins. (Reported as having been wrecked.)
- Saginaw, paddle-wheel, 6, North Pacific Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander J. G. Mitchell,
- Saranac, paddle-wheel, 11, North Pacific Squadron, Captain J. M. Frailey.
- Savannah, sloop, 12, practice ship, Naval Academy, Lieutenant-Commander B. B. Taylor.
- Shamokin, paddle-wheel, 10, South Atlantic Squadron, Commander Pierce Crosby.
- Shamrock, paddle-wheel, 10, European Squadron Commander Wm. E. Hopkins.
- Shenandoah, screw, 7, Asiatic Squadron, Commodore Goldsborough.
- Supply, storeship, 6, Asiatic Squadron, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant-Commander Edward Conroy
- Susquehanna, paddle-wheel, 14, flagship North Atlantic Squadron, Captain D. McN. Fairfax.
- Suwanee, paddle-wheel, 10, North Pacific Squadron, Commander George W. Young.
- Swatara, screw, 10, European Squadron, Commander W. N. Jeffers.
- Tacony, paddle-wheel, 8, North Atlantic Squadron, Commander F. A. Roe.
- Tahoma, screw, 4, North Atlantic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander O. F. Stanton.
- Ticonderoga, screw, 9, European Squadron, Captain R. H. Wyman.
- Tuscarora, screw, 10, South Pacific Squadron, Captain F. Stanley.
- Unadilla, screw, 5, Asiatic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander F. H. Baker.
- Vandalia, sloop, 13, receiving ship at Portsmouth N. H., Commander E. C. Grafton.
- Vermont, ship-of-line, 16, receiving ship at New York, Commander L. A. Kimberly.
- Wachetow, screw, 9, Asiatic Squadron, Commander R. W. Shufeldt.
- Wasp, paddle-wheel, 3, South Atlantic Squadron Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Kirkland.
- Wateree, paddle-wheel, 10, South Pacific Squadron, Commander J. H. Gillis.
- Wyoming, screw, 6, Asiatic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander C. C. Carpenter
- Yantic, Screw, 7, North Atlantic Squadron, Lieutenant-Commander J. G. Maxwell.
- Yuca, screw, 2, North Atlantic Squadron, Acting Master Henry Clay Wade.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

The Honolulu *Gazette* gives the following description of the Marquesas group.

Revs. T. COAN and B. W. PARKER, the delegates of the board, visited all the stations occupied by the Hawaiian Missionaries, and the *Morning Star* conveyed them to Omoa on Havaaoa, where the general meeting was held. There are five Hawaiians with their families laboring upon that group, stationed on the windward islands. This Mission was established in 1858. From the public report of Rev. Mr. COAN we glean some facts relative to this group of islands. The group consists of six inhabited islands, and several small islets without inhabitants. They are in latitude $7^{\circ} 50'$ to $9^{\circ} 31'$ south, and longitude $138^{\circ} 39'$ to $140^{\circ} 46'$ west. They are of volcanic origin, but of old formation, mountainous islands, showing the rugged features of volcanic scenery. Their outline exhibits spires, pinnacles, sharp points and jagged peaks, while the mountain sides are cleft with rough gorges and deep valleys luxuriant with a rich vegetation, through which sparkling water-streams make their way to the sea. The shores are so bold that, except at the mouths of the valleys, vessels may touch the bluffs with their spars without grounding. There are no coral reefs. The natives are fierce, independent and warlike, and without any chieftain or controlling government; ready to quarrel with each other, and subject to no restraint in pursuit of revenge or lust. There are chiefs in the different valleys but their authority is weak over the clans. The state of war is a chronic one. In one valley, the Puamau, the natives of the eastern and western sides are enemies and were at war with each other on the arrival of the *Morning Star*. Each side had made its alliance with other valleys, and thus for months had war been waged. A simple dividing ridge upon the mountain side is boundary enough to make enemies of otherwise neighbors. But their wars are neither bold nor bloody. They do not fight in open field, but by ambush and stratagem, and secret raids into the valleys. The attacking parties spread themselves upon the ridges and fire down upon their enemies, who also

shelter themselves along the hillsides and resist as opportunity offers. In the Puamau war there were killed and wounded of the people of the western valley, ten, of the allies, eight, and eaten of cannibals, two. No proclamation of war precedes the attack, no intimation is given of open hostilities; and in many cases the hostility of the clans is perpetual, so that individuals perpetrate hostile acts, and make raids upon the homes of the enemy, whenever opportunity or occasion offers. None but savages call such deeds of cruelty, deceit and strategem, war. PUPE, the spy, illustrates this. He dwelt, with amicable professions, some months, in the valley of Omoa, but it was only to decoy children into the hills to murder them, and carry their skulls as trophies to his own valley. He also at the time his fell designs were disclosed thought to add savage laurels to his brow by seeking such huts in the valley as he knew were not defended, and cutting off the heads of the women. The skull is the trophy of war, and is preserved with care in their homes to prove their valor as warriors. In the pagan clans their heathen superstitions, wielded by the sorcerers and prophets, are the only scourges of fear which control them. This belief in sorceries is common to the Polynesians everywhere, and gives an influence to the person supposed to possess its power which is irresistible. At Omoa the delegates witnessed some of the ceremonies which the pagan Marquesans were paying to the memory of KANAKAMIKIHEI, a sorceress who had recently died. They had built a temple in the upper valley to the local deity, and spent the day in the discharge of firearms at a target set upon the building, and with triumphal and discordant shouts they celebrated the day. On the day following they bore down the valley a canoe covered with a platform, on which was a house covered with mats. In it were a live pig, dog and cock, and fruits and food. The procession of tattooed savages bore this canoe down with shouts to the beach, and launched it through the surf to the ocean, where it floated away and disappeared. This was a last offering to the god on the occasion of the death of the

sorceress, and ended the kapu, which had been in force six weeks. In all the wars and enmities of the Marquesans, the missionary is privileged and kapu, both in person and property. He visits hostile clans without fear, and is so far regarded with favor even by those who still cling to heathenism that they avoid injuring him, and his presence on the islands is esteemed a benefit by all parties. The French missionaries have been established upon the group, permanently since the occupation of the islands by that nation. Their principal establishment is on Nuuhiwa, and their influence strongest on the leeward islands. There is at Hivaoa a French priest who has lived at Halawa, Oahu. Port Anna Maria, on Nuuhiwa, is the capitol of the French Government. The Governor and the Bishop reside here. The harbor is land-locked, secure, and much public work has been done by the authorities in buildings and road making. The nuns have a fine and well conducted boarding-school of sixty girls, with buildings pleasantly located, and there is also another school of forty boys, under the care of the priests. The great decrease and falling away of the Marquesans, however, is very discouraging to missionary effort, which, added to the intractable disposition of the adults, causes the hope of the missions to depend mostly on the education of the young.

The islands are fertile. An effort is being made by the authorities to introduce the cultivation of cotton and coffee, both of which grow luxuriantly.

Messrs. STEWART & Co., of Tahiti, have purchased land and intend to introduce laborers for raising cotton. A cargo of cotton, on freight, was offered to the *Morning Star*. The Government has enacted wholesome laws against murder, wars, cannibalism, sorcery, &c., which, on the leeward islands are beginning to take effect, and are exerting a salutary effect in checking those evils. On the windward islands the wild independence of the pagan tribes still remains unawed by civilized law.

About twenty Marquesans in 1865, were brought hither for the purpose of educating them, and to bring them into contact with Hawaiian civilization. Unfortunately for the experiment, the change of food, climate and scene proved fatal to more than half of them. Those living were returned to their native homes by this trip of the vessel. They were joyfully welcomed by their relatives and friends, although much ill-feeling had existed during the first part of their absence. It was difficult for the natives to understand why the deaths which had occurred should not be laid to the fact of their relatives being taken away to foreign and distant shores.

The population of the Marquesas group, according to the French Governor, is 8,000, of whom 5,000 live upon Hivaoa, and the balance on the other five islands of the group. The small-pox in 1863 raged fearfully there, and in many valleys destroyed all the people. In Uapo, out of a population of 1,000, there perished 700 by the pestilence.

THE NEW ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

A writer in the *New York Evening Post* gives some speculations concerning the existence of the island in the Pacific which somebody discovered in a most convenient spot, (See Magazine for August last,) but which nobody had been able since then to set eyes on:—

"Now that the subject of a new Island in the Pacific, to the westward of San Francisco, is before the public, any information concerning that locality must prove of general interest.

"Twice during my passages in the Pacific, while in the neighborhood men-

tioned have I passed through discolored water, such as usually indicates the vicinity of a shoal. Thousands of birds filled the air and both times it was exceedingly foggy, and even had land been near we could not have seen it. On one occasion we were several hours in this white water, and at the same time going at a high rate of speed. Soundings where taken, but without any bottom being found.

"In the old charts an island is laid down in the neighborhood where the newly discovered island is said to be located. Captain James Smith of New

London, formerly in command of the brig *Zoe*, and later of bark *Yankee*, has been over the route between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands oftener than any other man, and he tells me that in his various voyages he has passed through this discolored water perhaps a dozen times. He felt confident of the vicinity of land, and quoted the numerous birds as proof of the fact. The birds are similar in species to those which breed upon the Faralone Islands, off San Francisco. Captain Smith also stated that he had invariably met with foggy and stormy weather in that neighborhood.

"Within my own period of observation several vessels have been lost in the Pacific, and never again been heard from, and it may be that this island has brought them up.

"The schooner *Friendship* left San Francisco in the fall of 1849, bound for Honolulu, and no news from her ever became known. Had she experienced southerly winds on leaving port she

would have passed near the locality of the newly-discovered island.

"The United States sloop-of-war *Leyland* left the Sandwich Islands in September, 1859, bound for Panama. To get out of the trades in order to take a northerly slant of wind she would have to stand well to the northward and westward, and thus pass near the locality of the island spoken of. This fine ship, with a crew of two hundred and fifty officers and men, has never since been heard from.

"The schooner *Pride of the West*, left San Francisco about two years ago, bound on a codfishing voyage to the Ochotsk sea. After an excellent season's work she took her departure for home, but has never been heard from since.

"The vessels here mentioned may have been burned at sea or have founder'd in gales, but it is somehow singular that in each instance their courses would have taken them to the vicinity of the island related to have been recently discovered."

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

The mode in which it is conducted, the effect of bringing them in contact with Christian civilization, etc., is well set forth in the following account from a captain sailing between Hong Kong and San Francisco :

"I will proceed to give you a few jottings of a passage from Hong Kong to San Francisco, with Chinese and Chow Chow. When the whole crowd of the former were on board they numbered three hundred and fifty tails, very jolly, as I presume all their heads were filled with prospective lumps of gold. Each man before embarking has to procure from the American Consul a certificate that he goes on board of his own free act and will. This is presented at the harbor-master's office, and he is cleared as a "free emigrant." Their daily provision is, rice one and a half pounds, pork, beef, or fish half a pound, salted vegetables or pickles half a pound, tea one-third of an ounce, water three quarts. On this allowance they thrive, and seem very well contented. They are easy passengers to manage, not

quarrelsome, and with proper regulations on the part of the ship they keep their quarters quite cleanly. They are less trouble than any other class of steerage passengers. If the weather is bad they try to cook for themselves one meal a day, burn some joss paper for good weather and fair winds, and go to their berths seemingly contented. They are accustomed to compact living. This populous empire is not dotted with houses, as we might suppose, but the people in the rural districts live in villages, the frail houses of which are huddled together and well filled. A boat twenty-five feet long, six wide and three deep, will frequently be the home of six to ten persons, and kept neat too for carrying passengers, which is their means of living. So that they are already trained for close packing in a ship's between-decks for a voyage over sea. Those on our ship were forty-five days on their passage, yet there was no death, nor any case of sickness that required serious treatment. There need be no "horrors of the middle passage" in this Chinese passenger business ; they may be carried comfortably and cheap-

ly. We may consider the problem of a supply of laborers for our Pacific coast as already solved. Here they are in swarms, and give them fair pay, with fair treatment, and they are available in any numbers. Our people may do them much good, too, by practically recommending the Christian religion to them, and so at length all China will feel its regenerating power, for they return again, at least to make long visits. A ship has just landed eight hundred; another two hundred. One readily sees the good effects of their contact with civilized society. The contrast between the outgoing and return passengers on shipboard is very great.

Lunar Influence.

Of the power exercised by our satellite on the atmosphere and waters of this earth so much has been said and written, and it is apparently now so well-established a fact, especially after the magnetical experiments of Colonel Sabine on atmospheric tides, that little need be said on the subject. It is, therefore, only of the influence exercised over animal and vegetable substances that I wish to speak.

Every cook will tell you that meat hung in the moonlight soon becomes putrid. The baleful effects of the moonbeams are universally acknowledged by all wild or half-civilized people, always keen observers of nature. Dr. Madden and other travelers inform us how careful the Arabs and Egyptians are of sleeping in the moonlight. So it is also with the negroes in the West Indies, and for aught I know in their own country.

Lieutenant Burton, by no means an unobservant traveler, says that many an incautious negro has risen in the morning from sleep in the moonlight with one side of his face by no means the color of the other, and probably it took him months to recover from the effects of the moonblow.

Mr. Davidson informs us that the few who recover from the Bawca fever are subject to severe nervous attacks at every full and change of moon. Sir Charles Napier, in a letter to his brother from Scinde, says: "It is strange, but as true as gospel, that at every new and full moon down we all go here with fever."

Now I will furnish you with another instance witnessed by myself. Return-

ing from New York, 1829, in the Florida, Captain Tinkham, a poor Irish lad was put on board as a passenger, with a caution to the captain that he was subject to epileptic fits, which always recurred at every full and change of the moon. Curious to ascertain the truth of this, the captain and myself paid particular attention to the conduct of the lad at the approaching full moon. Up to the day previous to that event no change whatever; but on the day of the full moon he was reported by the mate to be ill and unable to leave his berth; and so he continued during the two following days. On the fourth day he resumed his duties, as if nothing had happened.

Armed Peace.

The Belgian War Office having instituted an inquiry respecting the armaments which are going on in Europe, the following information has been obtained:

FRANCE.—Four hundred and eighty thousand Chassepot rifles are in course of manufacture, the greatest portion to be finished before the 1st of March, 1868.

PRUSSIA.—The needle gun and rifled cannon system to be maintained. The gun manufactories are very busy in completing the stores for the arsenals. One million one hundred thousand breech-loading steel barrels have been ordered since the war.

AUSTRIA.—The alteration of five hundred thousand guns on the Wanzl principle; three hundred thousand to be completed by the end of the year.

SOUTH GERMANY.—Bavaria, Wurtemburg, Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt adopt the breech-loading gun, on the understanding that the system may be changed if the experiments which are going on at Munich are not found to be satisfactory. The Prussian rifled cannon is preferred, and large orders are in course of execution.

ENGLAND.—One hundred and fifty thousand Enfield rifles are already converted on the Snider principle. Three hundred and fifty thousand guns of the same kind will be ready in the course of the year. One thousand guns are being converted every day in the Government manufactories. Four hundred and twenty-six rifled cannons of various

calibres will be manufactured by the end of the year.

RUSSIA.—Six hundred thousand guns are being converted on the Carle principle (a modification of the needle-gun). Three hundred thousand will be ready by the beginning of next year. Nine hundred breech-loading cannons are in course of construction to complete the field batteries.

DENMARK.—The chambers have voted a large sum for the conversion of the present guns into breech-loaders, but the model gun has not yet been decided upon.

HOLLAND.—The conversion of the present arm into guns on the Snider principle.

ITALY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, GREECE.—The breech-loading gun adopted. Spain and Greece have ordered cannon from the manufactory of M. Krupp, of Essen, in Prussia.

BELGIUM will continue the use of the rifled Prussian cannons adopted in 1864, and will bring into use the breech-loading small arm.

A New Rig for Furling and Setting Sails from the Deck.

The inventor of this rig, Mr. Charles Peterson, of San Francisco, Cal., a practical seaman and sailmaker, has been engaged for the last seven years in bringing his plan to perfection; and having tested it fully four months on board the brig *Industry*, in the Pacific coasting trade, he claims for his invention the following merits: That by its means all the sails of a full-rigged ship, including the jibs and staysails, can be furled from the deck in ten minutes, with the employment of one-quarter less men than are required with the rig now in use, and at the same time dispensing with four ropes to each sail. The ropes he employs occupy the same positions on the deck and are called by the same names as the old ones, so that no difficulty will be found in teaching the sailors their use, and the new rig can be applied to the sails of any old-rigged vessel. The sails are rolled up from the bottom, and can be made secure in a gale of wind without a man leaving the deck. The expense of rigging a vessel is considerably lessened, and the wear and tear of sails and rigging reduced. The model works well,

and the plan seems to be well worthy the attention of shipmasters and owners.

Casting the Lead.

When at sea, it is very often needful for the captain of a ship to know how deep the water is below, and what kind of ground there is at the bottom. He can then tell whether he is getting near the land, or whether, if he wants to anchor, his anchor will hold in the ground.

"The lead" is a long piece of hollow lead, greased inside, weighing about 11 pounds. It is fastened to a line 120 feet long. In deep water a heavier lead and longer line is used. When the lead is let down into the sea it sinks into the sand or clay at the bottom. The man who holds the line then draws it up again, and he can at once tell, by looking in the inside of the lead, what sort of sea bottom there is below them. If it be sandy, little grains of sand will be found sticking to the grease on the lead; if it be muddy, there will be mud; but if the bottom be rocky, the lead will have dents and bruises upon it. There are figures upon the line which tell the depth of the water.

It is often a very exciting time when the lead is let down into the sea. If there are passengers on the ship, they all crowd round the man to see him at work, and to watch the lead when it is drawn up. If there is any fear that the ship is coming near shoal water, the lead is cast every few minutes. It is sometimes called "taking soundings."

Boxing the Compass.

Among other matters of a practical nature on board of the U. S. training ships, the boys are put through that process which is familiarly known as "boxing the compass," and the compass proves a formidable adversary to the lads who are beginning to learn the points, and they get floored often enough before they can get round the circle without a mistake.

The operation in question, it seems, consists merely in enumerating the points of the compass in order from north to south, *via* east, and from south to north again, *via* west, which is no easy matter at first, as all who have attempted it must confess.

Its utility is however evident, as it is not usual to letter the points of the compass on the compass-card; and even if this were done it would be necessary that every sailor should be able to read the direction indicated by the needle without losing time by having to refer to the letters. For the purpose of tuition in the same, the points of the compass are painted on a board, the cardinal points only being lettered; and the boys stand in the centre of this representation of the compass-card, and work round from the north, naming the points one after another in their order, as they are occasionally called on by the sailor who is acting as instructor to name any point which he may indicate. The best aid to running the points off glibly seems to be to fix in one's mind the position of the cardinal and four intermediate points, and then, starting from the north eastward, to remember that every other point has the word "by" in it, running thus: nor', as sailors invariably term "north;" nor'-by-east, nor'-nor'-east, nor'-east-by-nor', nor'-east, nor'-east-by-east, and so on.

But this is not all that is to be learned with regard to the compass and in connection with it. The thirty-two points that we have been talking about are steering points, and besides these there are thirty-two half points, which are intermediate divisions of the circle between the steering points, and sixty-four quarter-points that lie on either side of the half-points, midway between these and the points to the right and left. The boy has also to learn that the helm is composed of the rudder, the tiller, the wheel and ropes which are used as connecting gear. He is taught to steer by the compass and "lubber's point," the point that is thus designated being used to represent the head of the ship. He has to learn the difference between "starboard" and "larboard," the former meaning the right side of the vessel, and the latter the left; and he is also frequently subjected to such a catechism as this:

Q. "If the ship's head be north and five points from the wind, on the starboard tack, what point of the compass will the wind blow from?"

A. "North-east-by-east."

Q. "What is the opposite point of north-east-by-east?"

A. "South-west-by-west."

Q. "What is the meaning of 'port,' and how does it act on a ship?"

A. "The tiller must go to the port side (or to the left), and the rudder and ship's head will go to starboard (or to the right)."

Q. "Supposing you are steering south-east, how many points' course is it?"

A. "Four."

Q. "If the ship's head be north, how would a man at the mast-head report vessels to the north, north-east, east, south-east, and south of the ship?"

A. "He would report the first as a 'sail two points off starboard bow;' the vessel to the east as 'right abeam;' that the south-east as 'on the quarter,' and that to the south as 'right astern.'"

Tunnel Under the Atlantic.

A GREAT ENGINEERING PROJECT.

A proposition is on foot to start the gigantic undertaking of running a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean in order to connect the old and new worlds together by means of a submarine railway. The most eminent engineers both in America and Europe, have been consulted, and they make a report which represents that this stupendous scheme is perfectly feasible, and only requires time and money to carry it out, while the capital, although stupendous, will be forthcoming. So far as calculated approximately it will require five hundred millions English pounds or two billion five hundred million dollars. Plenty of capitalists are ready to engage in this marvellous undertaking, and as soon as the plans are arranged the money will be advanced. The proposed plans are in themselves the wonder of this skillful age of engineering science. To relate them in detail would be simply impossible at present, but a few of the leading points may be glanced at in order to give the reader an insight into the wonderful results already arrived at. This undertaking will occupy one hundred thousand men—half at each end of the terminus, and supposing the obstacles to be of such a character as are expected, it will take fully thirty years to accomplish the work.

When complete it will take about six days for ordinary trains to travel between both points and three days for

express mails. The system to be adopted for tunnelling will be of the latest improvements in drilling rock, each advance of the drillers being followed by shields of various dimensions of strong cast iron, and each succeeding one being firmer than the last. Powerful steam engines will push forward these shields as the boring advances, until at last the largest and most perfect tube will be placed with rails properly fixed for operation. It is proposed to light the cars with the magnesium light while powerful engines will drive the air through the tunnel, inducing a free circulation, the supply being regulated by various contrivances at certain distances. The electric light will be used at intervals on the track.

Depots will not be required as there will be no stoppages. The points of union both in America and Europe, are in course of debate. It is generally conceded that the shortest route will be the cable one, viz: between Newfoundland and Ireland. The soundings already taken to lay the cable telegraph are of the greatest use, and have enabled the operators to lay out their map of the bed of the Atlantic. The wire will be laid through the tunnel and experiments are in progress to connect the communication between the running cars and the fixed telegraph, by which means immediate information can be sent to either continent by the passengers while travelling. Thus, while the billows roll above and the monsters of the deep are sporting or fighting as the case may be, men, women and children will be rolling rapidly underneath, and after a brief trip will find themselves on the shores of other nations, without the danger, fatigue and sickness of a long and dangerous sea voyage.

New Expedition to the North Pole.

A committee of fifty-six persons, including Guizot, Chasseloup-Laubat, Drouyn de Lhuys, Henri Martin and Michel Chevalier, has been formed in Paris for the purpose of organizing a new expedition to the North Pole. The route to be pursued is one discovered by a French hydrographer, M. Gustave Lambert, and has not been tried by previous explorers. A subscription has been opened for the expenses of the

proposed expedition, which are estimated at six hundred thousand francs at least, and it is announced that if the total of the sums collected by the committee does not reach that amount by the end of next July all subscriptions will be returned in full. It is added that the Emperor has given his entire approval to the project.

The New East India Route.

The Trieste *Gazette* says that arrangements have been made for importing articles from India to Russia by way of Suez and Trieste, instead of by the Cape of Good Hope, as hitherto. This new route will enable Indian goods to be sent to Russia in from two to three months less time than at present, and will therefore probably cause a large increase in these imports. In 1866 the total weight of the articles sent from India to Russia by the old route was 1,000,000 cwt., and from Italy 500,000 cwt. As these articles will now pass through Austria, it may be anticipated that that country will, equally with Russia, benefit largely by the new arrangement.

The Life Raft Nonpareil.

The life-raft, Nonpareil was 43 days between New York and Southampton, and on her arrival was visited by the President of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, who congratulated Capt. Mikes and crew of two men upon the success of their daring enterprise. The raft was kept perfectly dry inside from beginning to end of the passage. The raft lay-to seven times from stress of weather, and the last vessel spoken was the John Chapman. They arrived with 30 gallons of water to spare. They had no chronometer on board, and sailed by dead reckoning, and corrected their position by vessels they spoke.

This latest American wonder is exciting a great deal of attention in Europe and is visited by throngs of people.

Navigation of the Rhone.

The French Government is assuming the initiative, with most commendable energy and dispatch, respecting the improvement and enlargement of their

rivers. Works commenced during the latter part of 1866 upon the Rhone, are being prosecuted vigorously; two of the most difficult passages between the departments of Drome and Ardèche have been rendered safe and easy of navigation, and seven others are undergoing all the ameliorating influence of straightening, widening and deepening. It is manifest that the improvements carried out in the course of a river, would be of little real benefit except for mere local traffic, unless the embouchure was also sufficiently enlarged to permit the passage of vessels to and from the sea. Unfortunately, after numerous and vigorous efforts to effect the requisite alteration in the natural channel at the mouth of the river, by endeavoring to concentrate the whole volume of water in one single stream, the attempt had to be aban-

doned, and an artificial canal has been cut instead. The canal starts from the left bank of the river, and discharges into the gulf of Fos at a point known as the creek of Repos. The size of the junction lock in the Rhone is 500 ft. in length, 70 ft. in breadth, and 22 ft. in depth. The canal has a total length of a little more than two miles, and flows into a large basin or open dock with an area of 200 acres, formed by two jetties or piers of about three-quarters of a mile each in extent. It is opened up throughout, and its bottom is excavated to the depth of 18 feet, and the jetties have already reached a height of 4 ft. above low water. The works in connection with the junction of the lock are well advanced, and a short period will probably witness this important undertaking brought to a successful termination.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

AN INCIDENT ON A CRUISE OF THE MISSIONARY PACKET "MORNING STAR."

The sun had set. The last lingering tints of the gorgeous twilight, so brief, yet so beautiful within the tropics, were fast giving place to the darker shades of a lovely evening. The moon was just at its quarter, and directly overhead, shedding its soft pale light through a thin drapery of fleecy clouds. The day had been spent on shore, at the beautiful island of Ebon, the southernmost of the Ralick chain, one of the most interesting of the numerous groups of coral islands, with which the bosom of the great Pacific is studded. We had called there on our way from Ascension to the King's Mill group, for the transaction of business connected with the mission, two families of our missionaries being located there. We were passing to leeward of the island, a mile from the line of snow-white breakers on its coral reef, at the rate of three knots, with yards braced sharp, our evening meal finished, the passengers with their little children were seated about the quarter-deck, enjoying the cool refreshing air after the sultry day, the pleasant scene, and the balmy zephyr from the groves

of the aromatic pandanus. The captain was seated at the stern of the vessel, amusing himself with a child of one of the passengers, as she listened to the roar of the rollers upon the reef with which the island is surrounded. While thus occupied, his own little son, a lad of nine years, approached and asked for a kiss. His wish gratified, he turned and moved toward the forward part of the vessel. A few moments and a sharp plunge was heard forward. A lady, Mrs. Dr. Gulick, arose quickly from her chair, exclaiming, "a child overboard!" All sprang to their feet, and all eyes were directed to the side whence the sound proceeded. Soon a small object came to the surface of the water, near the stearn, followed by a slight splashing. The captain quickly placed his little charge upon the deck, and springing upon the tafrail, fixed his steady gaze on the receding object. Silence, which might be felt, reigned around that quarter-deck.

"Hard down your helm," he said, in a low but distinct tone, to the man at the wheel; at the same instant, throw-

ing off his hat and springing into the curling wake of the brig. "Lower the whale boat," he shouted, as he arose to the surface and struck out, fixing anew his gaze upon his guiding star, the still visible little white object, now becoming more and more indistinct. All were astonished at the rapidity with which he gained on his purpose, continually calling out loudly, "hold on—keep up—I am coming for you." But the little struggling one heard nothing, all except the hands being submerged. The captain had arrived within a very few feet of his prize, when the splashing ceased, and all was hidden from his view.

"You cannot escape me now," thought he, as confident in his powers as a swimmer, he placed himself in an upright position, sprang upward, then rapidly descending feet foremost, and was soon at the side of the little object, whom he found still struggling hard for life. The dress told him it was his own little son. Grasping the arm of the drowning boy, he quickly brought him to the surface. Oh how grateful once more to breathe the pure air. Quickly turning his head in dread of some sea monster, he found himself face to face with his father. "Oh, father! oh, father, save me!" were his first words. He obeyed every command as to the part he should himself take, giving himself entirely into his father's hands. The captain first took him under his left arm, striking out in the direction of the brig with his right; but he soon found this too laborious, and directed the boy to place himself upon his back, and hold on by placing his hands around his neck, which was promptly done; and when told his grasp was too close upon his father's throat, and to change his hold, he promptly obeyed. He expressed a fear that the sharks would come, but his father bade him fear nothing, and spake words of encouragement. The boat was soon seen to shove out from under the stern of the vessel.

It had been nearly capsized in the hurry of lowering, owing to the fact of its containing a number of green cocoanuts which had been brought from the island, and had not been removed. The captain was becoming tired. The rippling sea would occasionally roll over his head. He called out, "Bear a hand with the boat." A welcome "Aye, aye, sir," sounded in his ear, and soon the swift whale-boat, manned by a stalwart crew, headed by the second mate, was at his side, and the weary ones rescued.

Grateful praise was that night offered up on board the "Star," for the wonderful deliverance. So near was she to becoming a house of mourning.

Through the mercy of God, this is the second precious life saved from drowning by the captain, in virtue of his power and skill as a swimmer.

The child, on receiving his father's kiss, went to the waste and seated him in the small boat, hanging at the davits, and in attempting to leave the boat to go to his berth, slipped between the boat and vessel.

A moral can be drawn from the incident. The boy was sinking: hope had fled: he looked up and saw the face of his father. "Father, save me," were his first words. His faith and confidence in his father's ability, and willingness were unwavering. His obedience to his wishes implicit, and his self-possession perfect. And though for a moment he expressed his fears that the terrible shark would appear, yet his apprehensions subsided when told to dismiss his fears. An opposite course to that which he pursued, and the boy would, no doubt, have been lost. At the time the captain sprang into the sea, no one knew which of the children was missing. It was sufficient that he knew that one of the helpless little ones was drowning. A moment's hesitation on his part and the child would have ceased to live.

MICRONESIA.

The Opening of the Amazon.

Saturday, the 7th of September, was the anniversary of the independence of Brazil; and on that day, this year, according to a proclamation issued last December, the Amazon, the great river, or King of Waters, as the Indian name Para signifies, was thrown open, from the Atlantic to the boundaries of Peru. Henceforth all nations may freely use this great highway of commerce, which gives steamboat navigation from the Atlantic coast to within ninety leagues of Lima. Peru has also, by treaty with Brazil, and by a former treaty with the United States, granted the free navigation of her Amazonian waters. Navigation thus extends almost across the continent. The "Morona," a sea-going Peruvian steamer, built by the Penns, of London, ascended, in October, 1864, from the mouth of the river to within ninety leagues of the city of Lima.

The valley of the Amazon is a vast and fertile wilderness, with here and there a town on the borders of the great river. The most important and productive parts of Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, as well as of Brazil, are drained by its waters. Its valley has an area equal to the whole United States, without the Pacific states, and yet the population of the Amazon valley is at present no greater than that of the single city of Brooklyn. But new measures in regard to grants of lands and emigrants have just been proposed in the Brazilian Parliament, which, if carried out, cannot fail to induce emigration to this equatorial valley—where the mercury never rises as high as in New York, and where yet the rich and useful staples coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, India rubber, &c., &c., repay the industrious laborer a thousand fold.

Meantime we hope to see Americans preparing to take their share of the trade of the Amazon, which can be developed, under the liberal system which has just taken effect, to an important and lucrative commerce.—*Post.*

San Francisco—Work among the Seamen.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT.

In reviewing the experience of the present quarter, I find much to encourage us in our work for the salvation of

seamen. In the first place, since we entered the new church our congregations have averaged much more than ever before. And this has been, notwithstanding some serious drawbacks. This is the season of the year when there are fewer sailors in port than at any other; it is the season when Sabbath pleasure excursions withdraw from the city so large a portion of the strangers of whom our congregations are largely composed; and, moreover, an unusual number of our church members have been away from the city, and, as the numbers gathering in our church is always dependent on the amount of work we do in inviting strangers to come in, the absence of two-thirds of our workers is a serious loss of this labor. That our congregations should increase in the face of these drawbacks is a very encouraging fact.

Another pleasant feature is the revival of the Temperance cause among us. Several years ago, we made an effort to organize a Marine Temperance Society for the advantage of our sailors; but the irruption of an overbearing infidel element, in no way connected with seamen, so paralyzed the effort, that it was thought best to let it die quietly. But, during the past year, a new Society has been formed, and has been very prosperous. It has more than five hundred names upon its roll; and, though many of these have probably broken their pledge, many others have, to our knowledge, been rescued from despair and destruction, or saved from falling into ruinous habits. Many of these cases, it would greatly interest you to hear the particulars of, but for the too great extension of this Report. Certainly if any class of men are more cursed than any other by the effects of the liquor traffic, sailors are that class, and there is therefore great reason to rejoice in their rescue from its terrible destructiveness. A very interesting fact in the Temperance experience is that several persons have found salvation in Christ by being induced to sign the temperance pledge as the first step.

The membership of the church has somewhat increased during the quarter. Six new members have been received—one by letter, the rest by profession of their faith in Christ. We know of eight cases of hopeful conversion, besides a large number who have been led to se-

rious inquiry regarding the great salvation. One of these was the husband of a member of the church, who, having been bred a papist, had been for some time interested in the subject of personal religion, and, being laid aside from labor by sickness, became a true Christian, and died the triumphant death of one who rests clearly on the eternal Rock of our salvation.

One member of our church also has died—John Byrne—a man greatly beloved by a host of seamen, whom he has helped to find a true hope in the Almighty Saviour. He was for a time a missionary of this Society; but the failure of his health made it necessary for him to remove to New York, and so we lost him. There it became necessary to amputate his leg, in consequence of which operation he died. In him we have lost a lovely Christian and an able worker in the sailor's cause. We fear that his place will not soon be filled.

I beg leave at this time to call your earnest attention to the two facts that our new church is not completed, and that, in addition to the money borrowed by us on mortgage, we have a large floating debt. It is neither for the advantage of our seamen, nor at all to our credit, to say nothing of the injustice done to our creditors, that these should longer remain facts. A little prompt and resolute effort would complete the house, clear off our floating debt, and reduce that secured by mortgage to a narrower limit.

Moreover, this Society ought to bear always in mind the pressing need of a good Sailor's Home in this city, and the propriety of our preparing to build one by freeing ourselves from all debt.

Respectfully submitted,
J. ROWELL, Chaplain.

Reaching the Port.

Mr. J. B. TULLOCH writes: "So brother Byrne has reached the port at last. No more he directs seamen to heaven; he is there. In him, seamen have lost a friend, and the American Seamen's Friend Society a missionary. But their loss is his gain; he has exchanged earth for heaven, the cross for the crown."

He leaves us on the ocean of life, tossed about, and hopeless of present rest. But we are nearing the peaceful

shore. What are these gray hairs, wrinkled cheeks, and bodily infirmities? Are they not the floating wood and weed which indicate land, making home-ward-bound sailors rejoice? And what are these happy moments, turning earth into paradise? these glimpses of glory, eclipsing all the glories of earth? Are they not beautiful birds, nay, ministering spirits, and spicy breezes, from the celestial shore?

Yes, land is near. A few more years, a few more parallels of latitude, and we also reach the port. Is not the Bible our chart? and Christ our pilot, one who never lost a ship! Well, then, may we sing in the storm. The hills of glory will soon loom in the distance, soon burst on our ravished sight. Like our sainted brother, we will soon land, amidst the welcomes and hallelujahs of saints and angels. Glory to God, through Christ Jesus, for ever.

Always Open.

The voice of melody is hushed,
Silent the house of prayer;
But songs are echoing in heaven,
The gates are open there.

Darkness hath locked the outer door,
Guards the untroubled stair;
The "many mansions" are not dark,
The gates are open there.

New foot-steps ever pressing in,
The place prepared to claim;
New brows uplifted to receive
The new baptismal name.

Each moment of the busy week
Unbindeth loads of care,
And beareth upward weary souls
To restless service there.

The darkest hours of longest night
With noiseless pinions bear,
Awakened ones to life and light,
The gates are open there.

Open for angels to descend,
And minister to thee;
Open for prayer to enter in—
Open for you and me.

(Congregationalist.)

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

Honolulu Items.

DEDICATION OF A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

Recently the "Temperance Legion," holding its weekly meetings at the Bethel vestry, in Honolulu, passed a resolution, to erect a Drinking Fountain in some central part of the city. A subscription was started among the members and others friendly to the enter-

prise, and as a result more than three hundred dollars were immediately subscribed: The work was immediately commenced, and has been successfully completed. The entire cost was three hundred dollars, which has been paid. The dedication of the Fountain took place on the 15th instant, when an immense crowd of foreigners and Hawaiians were assembled to witness the ceremony, and listen to the speeches and singing.

The "Legion" decided to locate the Fountain on the corner of the Bethel premises, or the corner of Kings and Bethel Streets. It is in one of the most frequented parts of the city, more people passing that corner than any other in the city. It is quite an ornamental affair, and in keeping with the original design of the establishment of this Chaplaincy. The Bethel has always been the centre of most of the temperance meetings which have ever been held among foreigners and seamen in Honolulu.

"Free to all" is the motto inscribed upon this fountain. There is an inscription to this effect in the Hawaiian language. The Hawaiian Government has manifested its interest in the enterprise, by granting a perpetual supply of water gratis.

At the dedication, the Bethel Sabbath-school scholars carried a banner, upon which was painted a representation of the Fountain, with these inscriptions:

- I. "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again."
- II. "But whosoever drinketh of the water of life shall never thirst."

The dedication was a part of an immense gathering of foreign and Hawaiian children, who assembled for a Sabbath-school celebration. It was an inspiring and gratifying occasion. Nearly all Honolulu turned out to witness the pageant and take part in the exercises.

"MORNING STAR."

This beautiful vessel, built by the contributions of American Sunday-school children, is now lying in our harbor, and

being fitted for a long trip among the islands of Micronesia. She has just returned from the Marquesas Islands, whither she had sailed to take supplies to the Hawaiian Missionaries. This vessel or one similar is quite indispensable to the successful prosecution of the Missionary enterprise in Polynesia.

DEATH OF MR. BYRNE.

Late intelligence from New York, makes known the death of this friend of seamen. From the numerous published reports which I have read respecting his labors among seamen in New York, he must have rendered himself exceedingly useful. Some years ago I received a letter from him, when he was on a visit to San Francisco, in which he alluded to the fact of his having received from my hands a copy of the New Testament, which proved the means which the Holy Spirit employed for his conversion. He was at that time attached to the U. S. steamer "Vincennes." I think it must have been during the year 1855 that said vessel visited Honolulu. Previously he had led a wild and reckless life, but then God called him to enter a new career. He obeyed the call. I cannot recall the man, although I remember on a quiet Sabbath afternoon, taking a basket of papers, tracts, testaments, &c., and going on board the "Vincennes," I think his attention was particularly arrested by my turning down a leaf to the 16th verse of the 3rd chapter of John's Gospel: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." That is a verse which I quote more frequent than any other in the New Testament, unless it be the Saviour's invitation: "Come unto me all ye that labor," &c. It rejoices my heart to learn that Mr. Byrne proved so efficient and devoted to his blessed Master, into whose glorious presence he has now gone.

SAM'L C. DAMON.

DISCOURSE TO YOUNG MEN.

Rev. JOHN LYLE, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Sea and Land, corner Market and Henry streets, recently delivered a sermon to young men from the text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The audience was everything that this excellent minister could desire. Many were induced to come and hear by the efforts put forth by this young and earnest church through the agency of Bible-women, a sailors' missionary, the members of the church, and the pastor. Large numbers have been gathered in, and it would seem that the experiment of a self-sustaining church will prove in a short time a reality.

"The text," said the speaker, "was the warning of a father's voice. It intimates that we may lay our account for it, that enticers to sin will assail us. These live in two homes, namely, in the heart and in the world. The heart is the home of our chief enticers. The fact of their existence there is seen in the heart's foregoings. These appear in the current of the thoughts and crop out in the character of the desires. The thoughts! how fetterless; they flit o'er many a region—they skim o'er many a sea; their track is as untraceable as footsteps on the waters—their way is as the eagle's in the air. They move unobserved among scenes of licentiousness, and undetected by human eye, revel in re-enacted sins. They call into existence deeds that we would not for the world that the eye of man should rest upon. We would shrink from the pollution of reading regarding them if we were in another's presence, and if related of ourselves, we would writhe beneath the exposure and sink into the very dust for shame. And what are thoughts? The precursors of transgressions—the antecedents of overt acts as gross as those which the imagination conjured into being, and on which the heart then feasted! "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts." What follows? A pure and spotless train? Do they return to us unscathed by the scenes in which they have mingled—unaffected by the pollutions in which they have revelled? No, no! Murder, adulteries, for-

nications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies and such like, form the trains. This is God's description of fulfilled desires, of thoughts full grown, of thoughts made tangible. And what is murder but insatiate hate matured, and adultery and fornication but lust arrived at manhood, and thefts but covetousness in action, and false witnessings but heaven-defying appeals to cloak guilt or to escape punishment. Overt acts are thoughts full grown. Evil thoughts proceed out of the heart. The heart is the home of our chief enticer. 2. Enticers to sin are in the world also. An evil-doer has a craving for company; he cannot enjoy solitary crime; the sanction of another eases conscience. * * * * Here the preacher pictured the conspiracy which is organized in the world against young men, pointing out the influence of one bold, bad spirit, who fascinates by his genius, charms by his brilliancy, scourges into silence by his wit, and causes to cower before him by a look, if conscience or our better nature dare to assert their prerogative. He next described how enticements to sin overcome by slow approaches; how they that fall do so by imperceptible stages, presenting in illustration a vivid picture of that broken-hearted wanderer, the slave of every vile one, the scorned by every passer by, once the darling of a mother's heart and the light of a loving father's eye. We saw this as she proceeded in her first struggles against sin's approaches, in her resolves against it, her victories, her fall, her relentings, her reflalling, her cursing the day when she met him who under the guise of affection left her to the world's scorn, the unnamed one, the memory of whom returns only to be recognized by a sigh. Her downward course was a slow one. Her departure from rectitude was almost imperceptible as she struggled at the outset against sin's approaches. The preacher continued—In every such case our defense is, "consent thou not." The enemy's strength lies in making slow approaches, ours in immediate resistance, in the determined "no." "I cannot do this great wickedness and sin against God." "Get thee behind me, Satan." Many fall from neglect of this principle. Here, acting on the offensive was earnestly urged—young men banding together in christian associations

and such like, to carry the war into the enemy's camp, making refinement the condition of companionship. The coarse jest, the low slang, the loose conversation feed the fire in the heart. Rudeness is the open inlet of great sins. Profitable study was also urged, the occupation of the mind with truth; entering on some good work, discovering our gift and exercising it, the selection of improving company, and, above all, enjoying the society of Jesus. The

discourse ended by showing that appetites indulged grow stronger and stronger, and that friendship based on companionship in sin will not last long here, and hereafter the extent of our cognizance of one another's wickedness will be the measure of our inveterate and reciprocal hate. Friendships glued by the slime of lusts shall be sundered, and the foul exudations which now bind them will one day add more to their flames."

"NOTHING ELSE BUT MY PRIDE KEPT ME."

A young man of large property became deeply concerned for his soul's salvation during a season of religious awakening in the town of —. For some time previous to the period to which reference is here made, he had been unusually interested in the public services on the Sabbath, and in all the meetings for social worship. Meantime, he was prostrated by an alarming disease. Conversation with him revealed the fact that he feared the probable result of his sickness. He was not prepared to die. He knew it. He felt it deeply. He realized that something must be done. He became a monomaniac on the subject of religion.

To a friend calling on him one day, he remarked, "If I die as I am, I know I shall go to hell; and I deserve it. What shall I do to be saved?" He felt that he had neglected the great salvation: he had slighted the invitations of the gospel, and he feared that his day of grace was past for ever. God, who is rich in mercy, raised him up, and gave him another opportunity to secure the salvation of his soul. This opportunity he embraced with an earnestness that proved his sincerity, while it gave evidence of his faith in the declaration of the poet,—

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward."

He forthwith became an earnest seeker for an interest in Christ. Every evening, for several weeks during the progress of the revival, he was among the most attentive listeners to the solemn truths which were presented by the pastor; and it was hoped that he would soon identify himself publicly with those who were anxiously inquiring. But when the invitation was

given, at the close of the service, for any to remain who desired personal conversation, he left with the multitude, and miserable and wretched as he afterwards acknowledged, knowing that he ought to remain.

At intervals between our meetings, conversation with him in private did not reveal the obstacle which prevented him from coming to Christ. Every thing, apparently, showed that he was in earnest. He was willing to give up every thing if he could only become a happy Christian. He felt he was a sinner. He believed that Jesus was the only Saviour. When urged to show his earnestness to be a Christian by rising for prayers at our next meeting, he frankly confessed that he could not do that. We then pressed him at this point. "What, my dear friend, is the difficulty? You can not long continue as you are. Why not look the fact in the face? Why not come out boldly, and acknowledge before the world your solemn determination, by the help of God, to seek the salvation of your soul?" He then confessed what we had suspected. "It is my pride, my pride, that keeps me,—*nothing else but my pride.*"

In this state he continued many days. Finally, the grace of God overcame his pride; and he was found among those inquiring with the ancient Greeks, "I would see Jesus." He has since found Him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write,—Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. The happiness which he had long desired is now his.

He has erected the family altar, and God is recognized in all his affairs of business and pleasure.

He is now looking forward to the time (now near at hand) when he shall, in the presence of God, angels, and men, make solemn declaration of his allegiance to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

My dear friend, as you read this true sketch, we pray you suffer not, above all things, the pride of your heart to keep you from coming to Christ. Be not ashamed of Him who was not, and is not now, ashamed of you.

"Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

"'Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
'Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me!"

Christian Banner.

The Believer's Privilege.

"It is the believer's privilege ever to be in the presence of God. He has been introduced thither by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and nothing should be suffered to take him thence. The place itself he never can lose, inasmuch as his head and representative, Christ, occupies it on his behalf. But although he cannot lose the place itself, he can very easily lose the enjoyment of it, the experience and power of it. Whenever his difficulties comes between his heart and the Lord, he is evidently not enjoying the Lord's presence, but suffering in the presence of his difficulties—just as, when a cloud comes between us and the sun, it robs us, for the time, of the enjoyment of his beams. It does not prevent the sun from shining, it merely hinders our enjoyment of it. Exactly so is it when we allow trials and sorrows, difficulties and perplexities to hide from our souls the bright beams of our Father's countenance, which ever shine with changeless lustre in the face of Jesus Christ."

Ready for Either.

A missionary society is said to have adopted a device, found on an ancient medal, which represents a bullock standing between a plough and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either—ready for toil, or for sacrifice."

The whole history of Christianity has proved that its great object cannot be

secured without both the toil and the sacrifice. Says the Apostle, "*I fill up that which is behind* of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church." In the agony of the atoning sacrifice, Jesus had no sharers. "Of the people there were none with Him." But He has left, unexhausted, enough of the bitter cup of His previous toils and trials to remind His followers, amid their great work, what their salvation cost Him. A readiness for hard work on the one hand, and for sacrifices on the other, can alone evince not only our attachment to His cause, but also *our love to Him*. O Christian! let the love of Christ constrain to fidelity in His service. Bring all your talents, your acquisitions, your possessions, your energies, and, binding yourself to the horns of the altar, there stand, ready either for work or for sacrifice. This is the spirit which under God will overcome the world. This is the consecration at which Heaven rejoices, and hell trembles. Whether it be labor or suffering, doing or giving, living or dying, to which you are summoned, be ever able to say, "Ready for either."

A Present Saviour.

WHITTIER.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love, its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Dedication.

The Portland Bethel was dedicated Sunday evening, September 1st. The former Bethel was one of the church edifices consumed in the great fire of July 4th, 1866, and this is the first that has been rebuilt.

Order of exercises as follows, viz :

Invocation by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Southworth.

Statement by the Pastor in relation to the reconstruction of the Bethel.

Dedicatory prayer by Rev. H. S. Carpenter, of Brooklyn, N. Y. .

Addresses by Rev. Dr. Carruthers, Rev. Mr. Fenn and Rev. Dr. Shailer. Doxology and Benediction by Dr. Carruthers.

These exercises were interspersed by frequent singing by the congregation.

The statement by Rev. Mr. Southworth was, in substance, as follows : the great conflagration left the Bethel with only a policy of insurance of \$2,500. The estimated cost of a new building was \$10,000. Owing to contemplated changes in the streets no beginning was made towards reconstruction till October 22d On the 24th of October, the work of rebuilding was commenced. On the 20th of October a great storm blew down the wall the fire had left. November 13th, the first bricks were laid. On the 30th of that month another storm threw down the gable end. About the 1st of February the vestry was completed, where meetings have been held ever since.

The amount of money received, mostly from abroad, is \$6,595 20 ; only \$300 of this sum came from Portland. There has been paid out \$6,640 16 ; there is now due on the house \$415.

We venture to add that this is one of

the few public buildings whose cost falls short of the estimate. This is owing to the personal supervision of the work by Mr. Southworth. He has not only superintended the work, but has made the bargains and settled all the bills—thus not only collecting but disbursing the funds. Such an exhibit must be a very satisfactory one to those who have contributed to the work of rebuilding. We feel safe in saying that Mr. Southworth has made every dollar tell—there has been no waste in the work.

A few things are still wanting. Those in our city who have not yet had an opportunity may now do something for the Bethel worshippers. Furnaces will be needed, blinds for the windows, singing books for the slips ; carpets too for the aisles, by breaking the noise of the feet, would be much for the comfort of those worshipping there.

This chapel is an extremely neat one. It is finished with simplicity, but in good taste. The mottoes on the walls are exceedingly appropriate, and will preach to the eyes of all who may enter those doors.

There were present Sunday night a very large audience, more than could be seated. All the exercises were unusually interesting—the addresses pertinent, feeling, and highly satisfactory to the audience. The chapel sittings are all free—and those were especially invited to its privileges who have no house of worship.

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

"GEMS OF THE OCEAN."

"There was the spot that the Lord met me and brought peace to my soul seven years ago," said a devoted sailor missionary, on the 24th of August, as he stood and addressed a large band of shipmates, in the chapel of the "Sailors' Home," 190 Cherry Street. "I love that spot!" Of that man, a pastor in New York, whose name is a tower of strength on behalf of any good cause, told the writer that B—— was a most gifted laborer among seamen,—humble, painstaking, and prayerful, adding, "in New York City many such pearls could

be had for the seeking ; here missionaries may be made."

On the same occasion another man, lately arrived from the Sandwich Islands, said: "Seven years ago I was an infidel. God met me and strove with me. He laid me on what I deemed my death bed. The judgment day seemed near; I dreaded it. No man could paint my agony then. I resolved to change my life, if spared. I recovered and I reformed. I became outwardly a new man, but this was not enough. God in tender love again affected me. I drew

near the grave. I was in misery. I had not found peace with God. Jesus appeared. I heard Him. I saw Him. I listened to Him. I flew into His arms. I found rest, and I am here to say to all, that happy, happy then, and happy, happy now I am. I have Jesus; I may have nothing, but I am rich, for I have Jesus!" With many such words he urged his shipmates to come to the Lord, assuring them of perfect peace and salvation from such thralldom.

On the same occasion another sat there, slow of speech, but possessed of great tenderness and depth of feeling. He lives with Christ. His spare moments are engaged on the study of the Bible, or some good heart-searching book. Bunyan's "Come and welcome to Jesus," &c. refreshed his soul exceedingly. He has found Him whom his soul loves, and now in the "Home," for a season, prepares himself in its retirement for doing His work in the world who has redeemed him.

A week prior to the above date, a young man, a Swede, told in broken language, and with a stammering tongue, in the lecture room of the Sea and Land Church, what the Lord had done for him. One year ago, he said, he was wallowing in riotousness. When his ship was in China, a shipmate who had been his boon companion in iniquities, toppled overboard drunk, and was drowned.—Why was it not my case, he felt? *Where would I be now if it was my case?* He stopped. He thought. On many a watch on the return voyage he longed for one who could tell him how he could be saved. He entered the port of New York, and came to the "Home." There he heard Jesus proclaimed in all His fulness and freeness. The tidings were as water to his thirsty soul. He drank deeply, drank in retirement, searched the Bible, talked with christians, came to Jesus, found peace in believing, and now lives to know Christ's will, and to

do it implicitly. Every man takes knowledge of him that he has been with Christ. Who ships him, will send abroad a man resolved to work for the Lord wherever he be.

Another, for twenty years riotous and reckless, stood up in the above church, and also in the "Home," on several occasions, to magnify the grace and might of God. A lad whom he had nursed, he said, now grown to manhood, knelt beside him and prayed for him, prayed long and earnestly. The Lord heard him; he was overcome. He arose, resolved to resist sin. For two weeks his soul knew no rest; he was miserable. Friends spoke with him and prayed with him; it was in vain; he found no peace. Two weeks rolled round; he heard of Jesus in the sanctuary. *He saw how He suited him.* He cast himself upon Him, and now rejoices in Him. His home is revolutionized. His wife is happy. His aged mother's heart is glad, for God has found her boy. His children are taught every night by himself. He has assumed a father's true responsibility. With full eyes and thankful hearts, wife and mother joined the writer in blessing God for sending salvation to that house. His labors abound. He brings many to God's house, and if bold for satan once, he is now bold for Christ.

God works; we see his doings. The home field in this city, among seamen, is a rich harvest field. May God continue to honor the "Home" and its surroundings as being the gathering ground of many "gems of the ocean."

A few weeks in the "Home."

A Capital Sunk.

BY REV. BENJ. F. MILLARD.

A few days since a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, but of forlorn and dejected appearance, entered the office of the New York Port Society, and told the Pastor he wished to sign the temperance pledge. He had been an officer in the Navy, and when

discharged, about six months ago, had seven thousand dollars in bank. Immediately on reaching the city he commenced a career of dissipation, and from that time has hardly had a sober moment. Cursing himself and all who had had any hand in his ruin, he added bitterly, "and now I am a penniless beggar."

He placed his name on this new muster-roll, and after receiving from the clergyman a few brotherly words and uniting with him in a prayer for help, went out to begin life anew, and from the bottom.

How many a gallant man-of-war's man who has stood to his gun until the deck was slippery with blood, has struck to the fire-ship of Rum? How often the intrepid "boy in blue," who has charged steadily through a storm of lead and a hedge of steel, has vilely cast away his shield before this single ambushed foe? It is sad to see seven thousand dollars sunk in six months, but it is far sadder to see a brave record blurred—a soldierly reputation, which might have been a noble capital, and upon which children's children should have gazed with pride, disgraced by a drunken life.

Successful Labors among Seamen.

Chaplain Fox says: "Instances have come to my notice in the year past that are very cheering; and some of these I will briefly relate. One seaman was on a bed of sickness here, so brought from sea, expected to die. All was beautifully calm and trustful. He was a child in the hands of his heavenly Father. I never saw a more full exhibition of faith. He was daily expecting death. He attributed to a tract given him in the port of Liverpool his awakening and conversion. One to whom I gave tracts returned during the early part of the year. These tracts led him to the Saviour when two months at sea; and for thirty-two months alone he had persevered in the heavenly way. He went home, concluding not to go to sea any more. Recently I heard from him: he has joined the church, he tells me; and his letter bears the impress of an earnest, devoted Christian. One of our men, not himself pious, relates to me the death of two foreign seamen during his last voyage. They could understand but not read our language. When sickness came upon them, of a lingering yet

hopeless character, they became anxious in regard to their spiritual welfare. He read to them often from the Bible and tracts; and thus they were led to peacefully trust themselves to God in Christ Jesus. "What else could I do, sir?" he tearfully said. "I could not suffer them to go down to death undirected while I could thus do something for them."

During the past year, I have heard of quite a number of conversions at sea. There have also some come home professing to enjoy religion."

The Son Lost and Found.

A man of about thirty years of age came into the Mission Rooms with a petition that a missionary should be sent to a foreign state, though on our own continent. Feeling an interest in the man, we elicited from him a story full of riches.

The son of godly parents, he became a wayward boy, left his home some thirteen years ago, entered the navy, left his ship at the Isthmus, went to California, and entered the mines. Itinerant missionaries visited there, and preached of "gold tried in the fire." He was awakened, converted, united with the Church, graduated to the ministry, and became an itinerant. After an absence of thirteen years, leaves for home to see his parents, and seeks to save the only unconverted member of the family; comes by the way of Greytown, Nicaragua; spends three weeks there, preaching, baptizing parents and children, and leaving them with a petition for a missionary, and another for Sunday-school books and tracts.

Before he left his field on the Pacific slope, a brother minister, who had been absent from his parents sixteen years, charged him to visit them, and report his well-being to them. Upon visiting his father's house, his first sermon in public was the means of awakening and converting the unconverted member of the family. He visited the neighborhood of the parents of his fellow minister, and there, under the first discourse which he preached, an awakening occurred, which, in three weeks, resulted in an addition of more than seventy members to the Methodist Church. This was the lost and found before us, himself now none other than a missionary and presiding elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Sailors and Temperance

The Half Yearly Report of the Temperance Society of the church of the Sea and Land, corner of Market and Henry streets, states the fact that 255 became total abstainers from all intoxicating drink during the past six months through its instrumentality. It adds, "there are many living witnesses on sea and land, who are willing to testify that through the influence of this Society they have been rescued from ruin, and are now church members and sit at Jesus feet in their right mind. One of them was for 40 years the Devil's servant, but now loves Christ and lives and labors for his glory."

The funds raised have been appropriated to the alleviation of the sufferings, of widows and the fatherless. Sailors especially have been regarded. Rum drinking and ruin are in their case allied. The object of the Society is to reclaim such and save their souls. God has acknowledged the work hitherto; many sailors have come to be hopefully converted through these efforts, and have publicly professed their faith in Christ.

The Gospel on a Canal Boat.

An aged woman who has long been in the habit of distributing tracts along the East River, among the boatmen and others whom she meets, says: "I have offered a tract for three years past to those I found on a canal boat whenever she was in port. The captain was sometimes rather cross, and, when I first presented a tract, he refused to take it, saying in a rough way, 'What the — do I want of that?' But the captain's better half, who keeps house on board the boat, was always civil and readily received the tracts, and it appears that she read them with attention and persuaded her husband to read them too. One of the tracts, entitled 'Canal Driver,' as it represented facts well known to the captain, particularly awakened his interest, and the Holy Spirit applied the truth to his heart and conscience, and made him very uneasy. At the same time the wife was brought under conviction, and each went groaning under an oppressive sense of sin without making known what ailed them. They had never owned or read a Bible, and had not been to church in fourteen years.

They had concluded that what was called religious experience was all humbug, and that religion was only a money-making affair. They knew not how to pray, though they felt the need of prayer. The tract 'The Saviour's Prayer,' which I had given him, afforded them some instruction on the subject. But, after a while, they resolved to go to church, and there they learned something more about prayer; and, on their return home, they bowed together before the mercy seat, and called upon the Lord to have mercy upon them; and so they persevered in seeking the Saviour until they found peace and joy in believing. It seems now that the captain, and his wife, and son, have all found a good hope through grace, and have united with the people of God. There is now heard on the canal boat the voice of prayer and praise. Jesus is their Captain, and the Bible is their chart, and they are sailing to a 'home beyond the tide.'

Pass the tracts along! They are not lost.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry St.

Mr. Cassidy reports 97 arrivals during the month of August. These deposited with him \$3,503, of which \$1,923 were sent to relatives and friends, and \$500 placed in the savings bank. In that time Mr. Cassidy succeeded in shipping sixty seamen without advance wages. He sent two sickmen to the hospital, and two were sent home to Liverpool, by the aid of the Am. Seamen's Friend Society.

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

It is very seldom that any business furnishes so good an example of true enterprise as the manufacture of the above celebrated instrument, conducted by Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, Mass. It seems but as yesterday, that the mention of a reed instrument suggested naught but snarling, fine-tooth comb music, and yet such a vast improvement has been made that the quality of tone is hardly recognizable as coming from a reed. If our musical readers will personally examine it, they will agree with us, that the Cabinet Organ will fully bear out all that is said of it.—*Louisville Journal.*

We cordially endorse the above.—*Ed. Sailors' Magazine.*

Death of Rev. A. McGlashan.

Just as we are going to press, the startling intelligence reaches us that our excellent brother McGlashan is no more. He died at his residence in St. Catharine's, C. W., September 9th. His death must have been sudden, for it is but a very few days since, in writing us, he spoke of his health as being better than for years, and his desire as increasingly strong to serve the cause of his Master in labors for the benefit of seamen. His life has been most useful. His faith was always vigorous. His love for souls was intense, and his ministry self-sacrificing and greatly honored of God. Rest will be sweet to him. The sailor has lost a true friend, our Society an earnest advocate, the Church a "shining light."

A proper obituary will appear hereafter.

Keep Clear of Christmas Island.

Capt. Smith, clerk of the Harbor-master, in Honolulu, furnishes the following memoranda respecting the true position of Christmas Island :

DEAR SIR,—I send you the position of Christmas Island from the mean of the best of the observers I can come across.

CHRISTMAS ISLAND—S. E. Point—

Latitude, $1^{\circ} 40\frac{1}{2}$ N.

Longitude, $157^{\circ} 14$ W.

S. W. Point—

Latitude, $1^{\circ} 52$ N.

Longitude, $157^{\circ} 39$ W.

N. W. Point—

Latitude, $1^{\circ} 59\frac{1}{2}$ N.

Longitude, $157^{\circ} 30$ W.

Samarang Islets, about 15 in number (about 15 miles in circumference),—according to Scott, 21 to 24 miles in circumference, and to others 30 miles; say about 21 miles—very dangerous, with strong westerly currents in their vicinity.

West Islet—Latitude, $4^{\circ} 55$ N.

Longitude, $162^{\circ} 22$ W.

Yours, very truly, DAN'L SMITH.

Acknowledgement.

12 Old Slip, New York, August 1867.

The Trustees of the Seamen's Fund and Retreat gratefully acknowledge the prompt and liberal response to the appeal of their Chaplain, for reading matter for the invalid sailors. The donations of books and periodicals will be duly accredited in the columns of the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*.

Capt. E. CARY,

Sec'y of the Board, &c.

Position of the Planets for October.

MERCURY will be an evening star for a short time at the beginning of the month, setting about twenty minutes after the Sun at the commencement, and a little later at the end of the month; it continues its southward path and will be a little south of the Moon on the 29th.

VENUS will also be an evening star for a short time, setting throughout the month about half an hour before sunset; on the first it is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees below the equator, and about 4 degrees south of the Moon on the 28th.

MARS is visible as an evening star throughout the month for about an hour, setting at 6 h. P. M., at the beginning, and an hour earlier at the end. It is about 5 degrees south of the Moon on the night of the 28th, and 19 degrees south of the equator at the end of the month.

JUPITER during this month will set early in the morning. At the beginning it sets about 2 h. A. M., and two hours earlier at the end. On the 9th it is a little south of the Moon, and begins to retrace its steps northward on the 22d.

SATURN may still be seen as an evening star, though but for a short time, at the end of the month; setting about 7 h. P. M., at the beginning, and an hour after the Sun at the close of the month. On both the mornings of the 1st, and 29th, this planet is a little south of the Moon. It still moves steadily southward. B. B.

N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison St.

Disasters Reported in August.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost or missing during the past month, is 42, of which 21 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 3 burnt, 2 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, 1 capsized, and 8 missing. They are classed as follows; 1 steamer, 2 ships, 2 bark*, 6 brigs, 30 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$565,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports whence hailing, destinations, &c. Those marked *a* were wrecked, *b* abandoned, *b* burnt, *s. c.* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, *c* capsized, and *m* missing.

STEAMER.

Alice Briggs, *a.* from New York for Baracoa.

SHIPS.

S. L. Tilley, *a.* from Savannah for Liverpool.

Nellie Fogarty, *b.* from New York for S. Francisco.

BARKS.

Oak Ridge, *f.* from Philadelphia for Boston.

Trajan, *b.* from Rockland for New Orleans.

BRIGS.

Aurat, *b.* from Rockland for Galveston.

Ristori, *a.* from New York for Vera Cruz.

Julia, *w.* from Matanzas for New York.

Ellen, *m.* from Baltimore for Londonderry.

J. Banks, *w.* from Kingston, Ja. for New York.

San Antonio, *w.* from New York for W. C. Africa.

SCHOONERS.

Mayflower, *m.* from St. Thomas for Turks Islands.

Hannah Martin, *f.* from Rondout for Boston.

Rachel Seaman, *f.* from Philadelphia for Bath.

Bloomer, *w.* (Fisherman)

Jane Fish, *w.* from Providence for Calais.

Emily Gifford, *w.* from New York for Boston.

Waterloo, *w.* from — for —

Water Witch, *w.* (Fisherman)

Volga, *w.* from New Haven for St. John, N. B.

Bessie, *w.* At Gd. Menan.

Quickstep, *w.* At St. Mary's.

Silva, *s. c.* from Fayal for Boston.

Nellie D., *w.* At Egg H. N. J.

Westover, *w.* from Windsor for New York.

Rambler, *w.* from Boston for Jeremie.

Rollins, *m.* from Philadelphia for Plymouth.

Maria Jane, *w.* from Phila. for St. Stephen, N. B.

Snow Drop, *w.* from St. John, N. B. for New York.

Joseph Holmes, *w.* from Phila. for Pt. Royal, S. C.

Leader, *m.* (Whaler)

Lottie Weems, *w.* from Minatitlan for New York.

Frank Herbert, *m.* (Fisherman)

Sunnyside, *m.* (Fisherman)

Alice Frazer, *w.* At Cape May.

Geo. Moon, *m.* (Fisherman)

Chesapeake, *m.* from Calais for Norfolk.

L. R. Macey, *w.* from Georget'n, S. C. for K. West.

Express, *f.* (Whaler)

Counsellor, *s. c.* from New York for Boston.

John T. Ford, *c.* from Baltimore for Paris.

SLOOP.

Guilford, *w.* (Wr'ng vessel)

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Receipts for August, 1867.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Clairemont, Pastor's family.....	\$33 14
Hollis, Cong. ch., \$15 for library.....	34 00
Kensington, Pastor's family.....	2 00
Lyme, Cong. ch.....	21 64
Manchester, 1st ch.....	41 25
South Merrimack, Rev. D. Sawyer.....	1 00
A friend	2 00

VERMONT.

Peacham, Cong. ch., \$45 for library.....	84 05
M. E. ch. and Soc'y for library	12 30
Thetford, S. S.....	8 37

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover, West parish, \$30 for libraries....	80 00
Attleboro	12 08
Charlestown, Winthrop ch.....	63 87
Chelsea, Winnimessett ch.....	48 58
Greenwich, Cong. ch.....	11 49
Groton, Union Orthodox ch.....	35 06
Hatfield, Cong. ch., \$15 for library.....	78 43
Longmeadow, Miss. S. Pyncheon.....	11 00
Northboro, Cong. ch., \$15 for library.....	39 42
Salem, Tabernacle ch.....	80 81
Sharon, Mrs. E. M. Turner.....	10 00
Stockbridge, 2nd ch., for library.....	18 50
Westboro, Mrs. Lucy G. Pond.....	1 00
Whately, S. S.....	9 65
Worcester, 1st Cong. ch.....	48 00

ROHDE ISLAND.

Providence, Mrs. Hannah G. Hoppin.....	10 00
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CONNECTICUT.

Farmington, 1st Cong. ch.....	33 70
Hartford, Pearl st. Cong. ch.....	46 53
Long Ridge, Sarah B. Scofield.....	4 00
New Britain, South Cong. ch., per Mr. John Wiard.....	38 35
New Milford, Ladies' Mite Soc'y.....	10 00
Northford, Cong. ch.....	8 50
Stamford, 1st Pres. ch.....	230 58
Sabbath School, library.....	26 50
Stratford, Col. G. Loomis, U. S. A.....	2 00

NEW YORK.

Albany, 2nd Pres. ch., const. Rev. Dr. Sprague, L. D.....	202 09
Catskill, R. D. ch., const. Rev. F. A. Horton, L. M.....	50 12
Baptist ch.....	12 55
Champlain, Pre. ch.....	46 08
M. E. ch.....	6 28
Coxsackie, Rev. M. Lusk.....	3 00
Messena Center, Union Meeting.....	26 69
Messena Springs, U. S. Hotel guest, New York City, Jay Cooke & Co.....	5 00
Wm. C. Rhinelander.....	100 00
W. R. Vermilyea.....	50 00
W. B. Isham.....	50 00
Arthur W. Benson.....	25 00
Henry J. Baker.....	25 00
Chas. Morgan.....	10 00
Chas. Butler.....	10 00
M. Armstrong.....	10 00
J. E. Bulkley.....	5 00
James H. Knapp.....	5 00
C. A. Bulkley.....	5 00
Capt. Munson, ship "Derby".....	5 00
Capt. S. H. Goold.....	4 00
Matthias Clark.....	3 00
Capt. Boyle, brig "Oswego".....	2 00
Potsdam, Pres. ch.....	29 93
M. E. ch.....	4 06
Saratoga, Mrs. Carpenter, for library.....	5 00
Friends	5 00
Williamsburgh, Pres. ch., Dr. Wells.....	41 75

NEW JERSEY.

Cranberry, 1st Pres ch, of which \$30 const. Rev. J. E. Symmes, L. M.....	105 00
Metuchen, Pres. ch, additional.....	60 00
Newark, Estate of Jos. Nichols, dec., by Jos. O. Nichols, less Gov. Tax.....	705 00
2nd Pres. ch.....	72 31
New Brunswick, 1st Pres. ch.....	137 00
Rahway, 1st Pres. ch.....	55 27
Trenton, 3rd Pres. ch, add'l.....	1 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Jersey Shore, Pres. ch, S. S., add'l.....	5 65
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OHIO.

Hudson, S. S., for library	16 70
Wooster, Legacy of Hon. Edward Avery, deceased, in part, by L. Flattery and J. McClellan, Ex	83 33

IOWA,

Bentonsport, Cong. ch., S. S. for library..	17 50
	\$8,298 11



October,]

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society.

[1867.

The Edge of the Cataract.

A good many years since a steamboat was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point to which she could approach the mighty cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles distant on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women and children went down from Buffalo.

After spending the day in all sorts of amusements, in looking upon the Falls, admiring the rainbow, passing under Table Rock and behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board the boat toward night to return to their homes. By some miscalculation of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly, slowly borne backward toward the dreadful cataract.

The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed. The color fled from their cheeks—they stood in speechless horror; the roar of the cataract sounded fearfully distinct in their ears, as slowly, slowly they were still borne back toward it.

At length the engineer bethought him of the oil with which he lubricated the machinery. He threw it into the furnace, the flames blazed up intensely,

steam was generated more rapidly, the wheel moved round with increased velocity — there was a pause as the Titan forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more, and there was an upward movement. Now slowly, slowly the boat passed again the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long, heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, gray-haired man was there among them. He lifted his hat and said, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"The Lord hath delivered us. Great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray."

And down upon the deck kneeled the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, who had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling that had been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all, pass away when the danger was over, as is very often the case. Even there on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church to which many of them belonged (it was a Sabbath-school excursion) and many found peace in believing. One, a man of great wealth, dedicated much of it to God in the building of a church, as a memorial of his gratitude for being snatched from destruction, both in this life and the life to come.

All can do Something.

A little boy, brimful of fun,
Running as hard as he could run,
Plung'd in a pond, head over heels,
Among the fishes and silver eels.
His elder brother caught his hand,
And brought him safely back to land;
The second fished his floating cap;
His sister cried at his mishap;
And all directly homeward came,
Dreading to bear their father's blame.
His kindness laid their fears at rest;
They told the truth—and truth is best.
He heard their talk; then, smiling, said
(Patting the first upon the head),
"Your courage saved your drowning brother,
Receive this book; and now another
I give the second for his aid.
But what for you, my little maid?
You nothing did—you only cried;
And yet your right is not denied:
You little did, but that was good—
Your little was just what you could;
To you an equal gift is shared,
Your kind desire I now reward."

Thus let us help poor dying souls
With all the means our power controls;
Stretch forth the hand, some burden bear,
Or raise our hearts in fervent prayer;
The Lord of men, the God most high,
Approves us if we only cry.

What A Little Girl Did.

A Missionary writes from India.

"Many little children in America think they cannot do anything to help the missionaries; but I will tell you how one little girl helped us here in Ahmednuggur. While on our way to embark for India I received from the pastor of a church in Youngstown, O., a little box of coins to take with me. The history of the box was as follows: A little girl, eight years old, in the Sabbath school in that place, named Ellen, was very ill, and knowing that she could not live, she thought of a little money she received as presents from one and another, and told her mother she wished her to give it all to the missionary cause. After her death the mother brought it to her pastor and told him, 'Here is the money my little girl gave to the missionaries—I want you to send this very money to India, and have it given to that native preacher of whom the missionary told us; tell him it is from my dear dying child to help him in his work of preaching the gospel.' So the pastor sent it to me, and I brought it to Ahmednuggur.

"The box contained quite a little store—one silver dollar, several dimes and half dimes, three cent pieces, and pennies—in all, one dollar and seventy-three cents. Little Ellen gave all she

had to her Saviour. A few days after our arrival here the annual meeting of the churches was held at Ahmednuggur, and the pastor and many of the Christians were present. At one of the meetings I was asked to give some account of my visit to America. I did so, and when I spoke of the deep interest felt in our work by many Christians, of the interest felt by Sabbath-school children, and how much they often give, and then taking the box and giving its history, showing the different coins, I handed it to the pastor to whom it was sent, I wish you could have seen the deep impression it made."

There's Light beyond.

"When in Madeira," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master, press on, there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was past, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens." O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—**THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.**

Not Ashamed to Work.

Some time ago, a little boy, twelve years old, on his way to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodgings and breakfast by sawing wood, instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later the boy passed the same little inn as Geo. Peabody, the banker.

How to die Happy.

Glorious words these, to which I heard a dying woman respond, not long ago, with a sudden burst of praise: "Is he not a precious Saviour, so great and good, and willing to save all us poor sinners?"

She was lying on a hard bed, in the dreary infirmary-ward of a workhouse; and the power of faith and love to create a happiness independent of circumstances, came out with almost startling force in her answer to the inquiry, "You know Him, then, and love Him?"

"Yes, I do know Him, and love Him; His presence makes a heaven of this room."

"If you heaped up my bed with gold and silver," she added; "if you could give me the Queen's carriage and horses, and her palace and her garden, and all her beautiful flowers, and health and strength to enjoy it all, I would not take them, if they would hinder me from going home to my Saviour. They talk of the pains of dying; what will they be to me? They will but hurry me to heaven and to Jesus.—*Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."*"

Paul Denton's Peroration on Water.

This is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for His children—not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with a stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your heavenly Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure water; but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder storms crash; and away far out in the wide wild sea where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there He brews it—this beverage of life—*this health-giving water*. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dewdrop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden vail over the setting sun,

or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of Heaven—all checkered over with the celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful, this blessed life-water. *No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair.* Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink—**ALCOHOL?**

Library Reports.

Shipped in July and August, forty-one new libraries, and thirty-three old.—Total, 74. The following have returned with favorable reports, and have been reshipped: Nos. 68, 219, 251, 447, 469, 605, 689, 732, 751, 758, 817, 909, 1032, 1099, 1117, 1158, 1231, 1488, 1498, 1542, 1578, 1583, 1639, 1728, 1731, 1768, 1791, 1805, 2142.

No. 1731. Returned in good order. Been two voyages to South America. Day and Sabbath School on board of the vessel, taught by the Captain's wife. The books have been read several times with interest and profit. Library reshipped.

No. 1971. Returned from two voyages to South America. Captain writes: "I thank you and the Society for your kindness in loaning us one of your libraries. The books have been read with marked attention by all the officers and crew, and have been the means of doing much good.—C. H."

No. 368. The books were all read. Two seemingly improved.

No. 998. Returned from a voyage to China. Captain writes: "The books were read by all, and prized. Had religious services daily on board. All the crew seemingly improved; attended church on shore. I had no drunkenness, no sickness, no desertions.—M. W. B."

Some one Must Pray.

The social life of heathen nations is penetrated through and through by their religion, and the commonest duties in the family, in business and travel, are identified with religious observances. It were well if christian nations were equally scrupulous. We give an illustration from the S. S. Times:

A man of learning and talent, but an unbeliever, was traveling in Manila on a scientific expedition. He was escorted by a native, and, as they were about to start, the native, with the refined politeness which characterizes the Orientals, requested the white stranger to pray to his God.

This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do without being able to comply; and on his declining, the native said:

"Well, *some* God must be prayed to; so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer never meant."

So it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by a heathen; and the man of science who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the "pearl of great price." His next visit is to be as a missionary to preach Christ.

A Kiss to God.

A very little girl, who says a great many strange things, and asks a great many strange questions about God and heaven and the grave, &c., was one day observing her father dig potatoes in the garden.

He was telling his little daughter how kind God was to make the potatoes grow for them to eat.

"Does God make the potatoes grow for us?" she earnestly inquired.

"Yes; God gives us the potatoes, and all we have to eat."

"Well," she said, "I will send a kiss to God."

This was the childlike but beautiful way she expressed her gratitude to the kind Being who was doing so much for her. When she wanted to express to her father or mother her gratitude and love, she did it by a kiss. In the same way, she wanted to express her thanksgiving to her kind heavenly Father,— "I will send a kiss to God."

An Apt Sermon.

A long while ago, Rev. Lemuel Haynes, a colored preacher was settled over the Congregational Society in Rutland, Vt. He was an uncommonly able preacher, and remained for several years the pastor of that church.

During the pastorate of Mr. Haynes, Rev. Hosea Ballou, one of the earliest apostles of Universalism in this country came into town and announced that on a certain Sabbath and at a certain place he would preach. Mr. Haynes' friends persuaded him to forego his third service on that day, and go over and hear Mr. Ballou. He did so. Mr. B. invited him into the pulpit. He went. After the sermon, the preacher turned and asked Mr. Haynes if he had anything to say. He immediately arose, and delivered a fifteen-minute sermon—the most memorable one, probably, he ever delivered in his life. His text was: Gen. 3: 4—"And the serpent said unto the woman, *Ye shall not surely die.*" Topic, **CHARACTER OF THIS PREACHER.** He was:

1. An *old* preacher.
2. A *cunning* preacher.
3. A *laborious* preacher.
4. A *heterogeneous* preacher.
5. A *presumptuous* preacher.
6. A *successful* preacher.
7. A *universalist* preacher.

This, as may well be imagined, fell like a bomb in the enemy's camp, stirred up an intense excitement, and gave rise to a long, voluminous, and more or less bitter controversy.

The Gift of God.

The water-carriers in Egypt, as they bear about their bottles of water on their shoulders, cry, "The gift of God! the gift of God!"

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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Terms of the Life Boat.

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